

The Weekly Kentucky Tribune.

"THE UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS."

VOL. XVII--No. 42.

DANVILLE, KY., FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1860.

WHOLE No. 873.

Professional Cards.

JAN. E. ZIMMERMAN,
Notary Public.

Examiner to take Depositions,
DANVILLE, KY.

AUTHORIZED to receive and certify
acknowledgments of Deeds and other papers
for record in the State of Kentucky, Alabama,
California, Connecticut, Georgia, Indiana, Iowa,
Illinois, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Min-
nesota, Missouri, New Hampshire, Ohio, Rhode
Island, Tennessee, Vermont and Virginia.
Office—County Court Clerk's Office, Hen-
derson's Building, up stairs over W. B. Mor-
row's store.
March 30, 1860.

BOYLE & ANDERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
DANVILLE, KY.

WILL continue to practice Law in partner-
ship in Boyle and adjoining counties.
March 30, '60.

Dr. H. P. BOYLE. Dr. T. W. FOREMAN.

DR. FOREMAN & BOYLE

HAVING associated themselves together in
the Practice of Medicine, tender their
joint professional services, in the various
branches of their profession, to their friends
of Boyle and adjoining counties.

Office—On Main street, over Thorel's Shoe
Store.
Jan 6, '60, if

A SURGICAL CARD.

A CURE Warranted or no charge, in
the following ailments, without the use
of knife or ligature.

Fistula in Ano, Hemorrhoids or Piles, Prolap-
sus Ani, first stage of Cancerous Affections.

Time required for a cure—5 to 20 days.
Also, Scrophulous and secondary forms of Syphilis,
without Mercury.

Office on Walnut street, below the res-
idence of Dr. Breckinridge.

J. B. WHITE, M. D.

ang 12, '59 if

Dr. W. B. HARRIS,

RELIEF PHYSICIAN.

HAVING permanently located in Danville,
he would respectfully tender his services to
the citizens of Boyle and the adjoining counties.

Office—On Fourth street, in the south west
end of the old Tavern stand, up stairs.
May 6, '59 if

R. J. WAGGENER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
DANVILLE, KY.

WILL attend promptly to all business en-
trusted to him in Boyle and the adjoining
counties.

Particular attention given to collections.
May 6, '59 if

SAM'L. AYRES,

DENTIST,
MAIN STREET,
DANVILLE, KY.

3 doors East of the Branch Bank,
DANVILLE, KY.

apr 1, '59, if

THOS. P. YOUNG,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR
AT LAW,
DANVILLE, KY.

Office—Main Street, over Boyle & Ander-
son's office.
dec 23, '58

GEO. P. NEWLIN,

DENTIST,
OFFICE on Third street, in Mitchell's build-
ing, up stairs, where he will be pleased to
see all interested in the preservation of their
natural or who may need artificial teeth.

Danville, dec. 10, '58 if

CHAS. WALKER, M. D.

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

RESPECTFULLY offers his professional
services to the inhabitants of Danville,
and surrounding towns.

Office—Over Waggener's Store.
sept. 24, '58 if

J. F. BELL.

BELL & COWAN,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
DANVILLE, KY.

July 11, '58

JOSEPH F. BELL.

BELL & MORROW,

Attorneys at Law.

HAVE associated themselves together in the
practice of law, in the Circuit Court of
Pulaski county, and will attend faithfully to all
business entrusted to them.

Office—Up stairs, over Allcorn & Kelley's
store.
Somerset, aug. 21, '57

ROBT. J. BRECKINRIDGE,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR
AT LAW,
LEXINGTON, KY.

Office—On Short street, between Limestone
and Upper.
May 23, '56 if

SPEEDS, FRY,

Attorney at Law.

WILL practice in the Courts of Boyle and
adjoining counties. Any business con-
fided to him will be promptly attended to.
Feb 27, '52 if

SADDLE & HARNESS
EMPORIUM.

S. P. BARBEE

HAS fitted up his Establish-
ment, directly opposite his old
stand, where he will be pleased to
see his old friends and custom-
ers.

There will be found everything
in his line as complete as can be under the
most-entire circumstances.

S. P. BARBEE.
Danville, March 30, '60, if

A WORD IN KINDNESS.

I WOULD respectfully request all those who
know themselves indebted to me to call at
my new stand, 3 doors above the Saddle House,
and pay the same immediately, as I am com-
pelled to have the money that is due me from
paying to meet the demands against me. My
late misfortune must not deter me from paying
my debts, and this is my only method.

M. LEVENSON.
March 30, '60, if

THE KENTUCKY TRIBUNE,

PUBLISHED IN
DANVILLE, KENTUCKY,
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY

JNO. F. ZIMMERMAN & SON.

OFFICE—On Main and Second sts.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy one year in advance, \$2 00
If paid within six months, 2 50
If delayed until the end of the year, 3 00

For clubs of ten or more, the Tribune will
be sent for \$1 50 each—the money to accom-
pany the order.

For any one sending us five subscribers and
\$10 will receive a copy one year gratis.

No paper discontinued until all arrear-
ages are paid, except at the option of the pub-
lishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Twelve lines or less
constitute one square.

1 square, 1 week, 1 00
2 weeks, 1 50
3 weeks, 2 00
4 weeks, 2 50
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6 weeks, 3 50
7 weeks, 4 00
8 weeks, 4 50
9 weeks, 5 00
10 weeks, 5 50
11 weeks, 6 00
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97 weeks, 49 00
98 weeks, 49 50
99 weeks, 50 00
100 weeks, 50 50

Special or Editorial Notices will be
charged double the rates of advertisements.

Announcements of Candidates—Town
Officers, \$2 00; County Officers, \$5 00; State
and District Officers, \$5 00.

Advertisements which are not marked
with the number of insertions desired, will be
inserted "full length" (15) and charged accord-
ingly.

Yearly advertisers have the privilege of
changing their advertisements half-yearly with-
out extra charge.

Advertisements of yearly advertisers
outside of their regular business, will be charged
extra.

Advertisements of a personal character
charged double.

TRIBUNE
POWER JOB PRESS!

THE TRIBUNE OFFICE, 100 SUP-
plied with a complete outfit.

NEW TYPE,
Of the most attractive styles, both
PLAIN and FANCY.

Suitable for:
POSTERS,
CIRCULARS, HANDBILLS,
Cards, &c. &c.

And having one of
MEDAL JOB PRESSES

Expressly for
JOB PRINTING,

We are prepared to do every description of
work in that line, either in
PLAIN BLACK

COLORED INKS,
And in the very best style of the art.

POSTERS,
HANDBILLS,
SALE BILLS,
HORSE BILLS,
CIRCULARS,
BILL HEADS,
RAILROADS,
NOTES, RECEIPTS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
OFFICIALS' CARDS,
PROGRAMMES, &c. &c.

Also, every variety of
PAMPHLET PRINTING,
Such as required by
COLLEGES, SCHOOLS,
Agricultural Fairs, &c.

As our Machine Job Press prints with great
rapidity, making impressions at the rate of
1500 per hour.

All orders for Job Work will be attended to
with promptness and dispatch.

OFFICE—Corner Main and Second
streets

DENNIS & WALTON,

KENTUCKY CENTRAL CARRIAGE
Manufactory,

Threlkeld's Old Stand, 21 Street,
DANVILLE, KY.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF
LIGHT CARRIAGES, ROCKAWAYS, BUGGIES, &c.

Persons in want of such articles are respect-
fully invited to call and examine our stock and
learn our prices, before buying elsewhere, as we
are confident of pleasing all in both, each of
our firms being practical workmen, we have
no fear in recommending satisfaction.

Repairs

Of all kinds done in the best style and on rea-
sonable terms. Mr. WALTON being himself a
No. 1 Painter, we call particular attention to the
Re-Painting of Vehicles of all every kind.
So bring in your work and have it over-
hauled.

DENNIS & WALTON.
Danville, March 30, '60, if

Poetical Department.

LET US RALLY.

Text—"Come ye back to old Virginia."

BY WM. H. HAYWARD.

One vote I'll give
If I should live
For Bell of Tennessee
I am a Union man,
On the National plan,
And so we all agree.

Choose—Let us rally then
The Union men
The course to us is free
We drive the fast line,
Our leader no one
John Bell of Tennessee.

And Everett too,
The good and true,
World-wide is his fame;
His virtues stand
Throughout the land,
The North and South proclaim.
Let us rally then, &c.,

Let Douglass try
And Lincoln too
To set the negroes free;
All we require
From such evil dire,
Is Bell, of Tennessee.
Let us rally then, &c.,

Everett and Bell
The tale will tell,
The fourth day in November,
On that great day
We will be gay,
Our friends we will remember.
Let us rally then, &c.,

In Original Story.

[Written expressly for the Kentucky Tribune.]

MY DREAM.

BY VIOLET WOODS.

[CONCLUSION.]

CHAPTER V.

I saw him at the altar stand,
And heard him breathe the marriage vow—
Yet I, of all that glist'ning band,
The lightest look, wore on my brow!

At the time appointed they were mar-
ried! But let me pass hastily over this
scene, and the leave-takings which follow-
ed. They were going immediately to
Europe, and would be absent two years
at least—probably three. I did not see
either of them alone after the bridal, and
being always surrounded by company
it was no difficult task for me to appear
gay. Herman at times was abstracted,
and once when I was upon the veran-
dah, I drew aside the curtains which
draped a window of the drawing-room,
and looked within. He was alone: his
brow was pale and contracted, and with
his hands clasped behind him he walked
up and down the apartment, murmuring,
"Where are the waters of oblivion?
Why do they not drown my thoughts?"

I moved away, fearful that I should be
discovered, but one idea would prevail,
and that was:

"Now that he loves and is beloved, by
one so regal, so beautiful as my sister, he
wishes to forget the time when I was the
queen of his affection, and not another.
God grant that forgetfulness may come."

They had gone, and though I could
not help feeling relieved, it seemed that
the light of my existence had suddenly
faded out, and left a cold midnight dark-
ness in its place.

I assumed many of the household du-
ties, which hitherto I had only shared.
My mother's rapidly failing health de-
manded my attention, and a large por-
tion of my time was devoted to her—
During the day I had scarcely a moment
left me in which I could retrospect, and
at night I was physically so wearied that
sleep came almost unthought. We fre-
quently received letters from Mabel and
Herman, and each one was in itself a gem
of rich literature, freighted as it was
with glowing descriptions of their travels.

They would remain in Italy all winter,
and enjoy the breezes which were al-
ways soft, the sunshine which was always
bright. At home the cold air encircled
us; the waters of the many streams were
chained with icy fetters; the leaves fell
from around the nests of the birds, and
the songsters had flown; the vines and
flowers that had shaded the arbour had
withered away, and desolation usurped
the place of rich luxuriance.

Seeing the necessity for it, I had re-
covered my cheerfulness, and now, my
own songs were warbled as merrily as
they had been done before my great
heart-sorrow came. I was not entirely
happy, but my spirits were fast rising
superior to the loneliness which at first,
had encompassed them. It is true that
I no longer loved Herman, but I could
not wholly forget that the greatest joy
of life had once been mine, and that it
had faded from my grasp as the rich
hues fade from the western sky when the
sun has disappeared.

Thus passed the winter months; spring
again approached, and throw her emerald
robe over the arbour, the garden, and
the woods which surrounded our home.
Summer, too, came and faded, and late
in the Autumn, we received a letter from

my sister, containing tidings of the de-
parted interest. Mabel was a mother: a
little daughter had been given her, and
I was called upon to furnish a name for
the beautiful infant. My reply was hap-
pily despatched, and in it I expressed my
preference for the name of Stella, saying,
however, that my choice would be guided
by her wishes. Stella, she was called,
and oh how eagerly I anticipated the
hour when my arms would enfold the
tiny form, when she would be clasped to
my heart, and I could lavish upon her
that wealth of affection with which my
soul was overflowing.

But, alas! my sister's letter was
dated but a few days before her death.
Herman thought that another season
spent beneath the blue skies of Italy
would restore her, and there he lingered.
They would return home early in the
ensuing spring, and every heart became
lighter in contemplation of the happiness
which awaited them.

CHAPTER VI.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath,
And stars to set—but all
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!"

We were eagerly expecting the return
of the travelers, and preparations were
being made to prove that their reception
would be joyous. The last few letters
we received had been written by Her-
man, and stated that Mabel was visibly
declining; but he added, in order to dis-
arm our fears, that he and she were both
assured that she would improve by as-
sociating again with old friends, and see-
ing once more the familiar objects of
childhood. Our own hopes substantiated
this belief, and I was fully convinced
that my loving ministrations would, in a
measure restore her. One evening I was
looking over a daily paper in search of
the telegrams, when I observed the no-
tice of the arrival of the vessel in which
they were to sail. I flew into the house;
made the welcome declaration, and al-
though I knew they could not possibly
arrive before the next evening, I strain-
my eyes, even and anon toward the road,
which led from the village. Presently
the messenger I had despatched to the
Office returned with a letter from my fa-
ther. It was from Herman, and was
delivered to me by the messenger who
brought the letter. I carried it to the
library where he was sitting, and having
delivered it, I immediately left the room.
There was a fearful weight pressing upon
my heart, and I felt that the letter con-
tained information of saddest import. A
thousand wild, disconnected thoughts
racked my brain, but one idea was up-
permost, and that was:

"What if Mabel should die?" I could
not conceive the possibility of such an
occurrence, but that thought would fol-
low the brighter ones as the shadow does
the sunshine. My father called me, and
mechanically I obeyed the summons—
He gave me the letter to read, and hav-
ing read it, I became invisible to all
surrounding objects.

When I recovered a strange face was
bending over me. I could not compre-
hend my situation, nor why everything
was so dark, so cheerless. Presently I
slept and when I again awoke, I remem-
bered the incidents which had preceded
my illness, and when again the strange
form moved to my bedside, I recognized
Mrs. Morton, my physician's wife, and
exclaimed in low, trembling accents,
"Tell me of Mabel."

The lady pressed her cool hand upon
my brow, and replied,
"You are too weak to listen now; to-
morrow you shall know all."

Comforted by this assurance I resigned
myself to her gentle care, and was soon
asleep. The next morning I asked of
her the fulfillment of her promise, and
she then replied:

"On the evening upon which you were
taken ill, if you remember, your father
received a letter from Mr. Westwood
begging him to come immediately to New
York, that Mabel could not survive more
than a few days, and that it was impos-
sible to remove her. He went, and upon
arriving, found that your sister was—"

She hesitated, but I urged her on—
"Your sister was dead. They brought
her remains here, and the day after she
was buried. You have been ill for five
long weeks, and many many prayers have
been offered for your recovery."

"But what of my father?" I inquired,
"where is he?"

"He is here, and was at your bedside
a few moments before you awoke."

"And my mother?—where is she?"

An expression of exquisite anguish
passed over her features. Her hand
tightened its grasp upon mine, but she
made no reply.

"I can bear the worst," I cried. "Tell
me of her."

"She is in Heaven, Eva!"

Her head bowed low upon the pillow
upon which my own was resting. Her
tears flowed freely, but mine were frozen,
and each drop fell with icy coldness upon
my heart. I was nervous and excited,
and seeing this she administered an an-
odyne, and under its influence I soon pass-

ed into a state of blissful unconsciousness.
I must have slept for hours, when sud-
denly a soft, childish laugh aroused me,
and I drew my hand across my eyes, and saw
lying beside me a lovely infant, which,
from its resemblance to its mother, I re-
cognized as Mabel's. As I turned upon
my pillow, its soft, dark eyes met mine,
and holding out its tiny hands, it smiled
upon me so sweetly that instinctively I
drew it to my heart, and pressed my lips
to its velvet cheek. Mrs. Morton came
forward, and exclaimed,

"You will love it very dearly, Eva—
She is yours now; Mabel left her to you,
and she is a precious treasure."

Again I clasped the little one to my
breast, and the long sealed fountains of
love gushed forth. Again life had its
object—its incentive to exertion and the
waves of contentment rushed over my
soul and drowned the unpleasant thoughts
of the past. During all this while I had
forgotten Herman, but now I inquired
for him, and was told that he was an in-
mate of our house; that he could not
leave my father in his present loneliness,
and that he was only awaiting my recov-
ery to remove to his own home.

Slowly I regained my health and
strength, and a few days after I ventured
down stairs, he left us, returning lonely
in heart to the spot which Mabel's pres-
ence should have adorned, which her
love and smile should have brightened.

Stella was left with me, as her mother
had desired. Day after day she grew in
beauty; love followed her very glance,
and her heart was as free from sorrow, as
that of the bird when its first song is
thrilled, or its pinions first unfurled for
its heavenward flight.

CHAPTER VII.

"And thus at the collision of thy name,
The violet thought still flashes through my
brain,
And for a moment all things are as they were,
Fit by me—they are gone—I am the same."

Business of the utmost importance de-
manded Herman's attention in England,
a few weeks after he went from our house,
and there he remained two years. At
the end of that time he visited us again.
He either had not recovered from the
depression which had succeeded Mabel's
death, or else there was a recent
cause for his gloomy depression. About
a week after his arrival, I commenced
raining and continued for two days—
scarcely ceasing a moment. We were
compelled to confine ourselves within
doors, and thus we were thrown into more
intimate association. It was on the second
evening, that he, Stella and myself were
seated in the library. Herman was read-
ing aloud; I was engaged in embroidering
a dress for my little pet, while she sat at
my feet, caressing and reproving her doll
at intervals. Gradually the clouds be-
came blacker and more dense, and finally
Herman was obliged to discard his book,
and my work until candles were brought
in. Presently Stella crept into my laps;
laid her head upon my bosom, and was
soon asleep. I arose to take her to my
chamber where she always slept, and as I
passed out of the door, Herman looked
after me, and exclaimed,

"Eva, come back very soon; I wish to
see you."

I hurried up stairs, and hastily pre-
paring Stella for the night, sat down at
my window to think. I imagined a thou-
sand purposes for which he could have
sought this interview, but not one would
satisfy me. My thoughts travelled far
back into the past, and were only recall-
ed to the present by hearing his footsteps,
quick and impatient in the hall below—
Just as I descended the stairway—tea was
announced, and meeting him in the pas-
sage, I said,

"I will comply with your request after
tea."

My father was already at the table
awaiting us. Herman ate but little, I no-
thing, and as soon as the meal concluded
we entered the parlor. I seated myself
at the piano, and performed a piece after
piece in rapid succession. I should have
continued for hours, but my
father's voice caused me to cease. I heard
him say,

"I thought that hearing Eva play
would relieve me; but I find that it
does not."

"What is the matter, father?" I cried.
"I have a severe headache," he an-
swered, "and thought that in this instance
music could soften pain to ease! Feeling
my mistake I shall retire," he added
taking a lamp and leaving the room. I
was alone with Herman, and the pulsa-
tions of my heart were audible to my ear
in the unbroken stillness. He drew a
chair close beside me, and resting his
check in his hand, looked up into my
face. His graceful position recalled the
scenes of yore, and made a passage of my
mind, through which a myriad of pleas-
ant recollections passed in train; but a
flood of gloomy ones stood, like tottering
walls of foam upon each side, and finally,
like the waters of the Red Sea over
Pharaoh's host, flowed over and engulf-
ed them.

